PICK ME UP FOR A POWER PICK-ME-UP!

A POWER COMIC

SMASH!

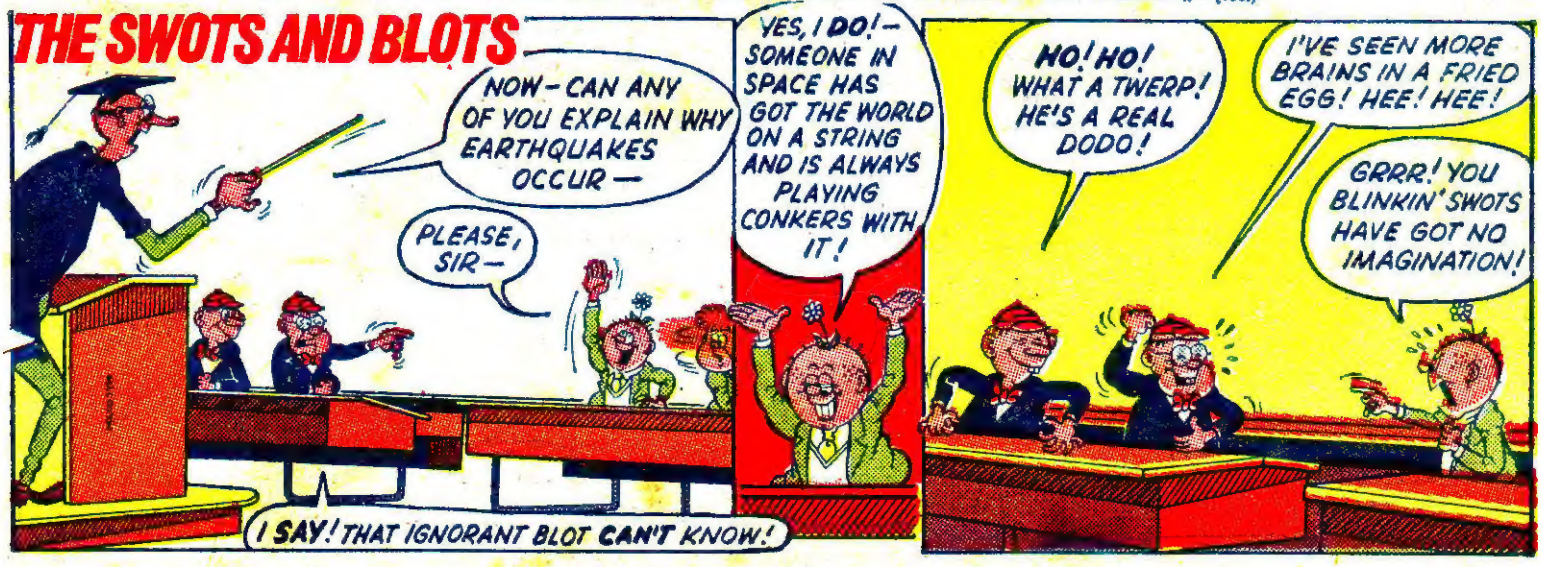
No. 124

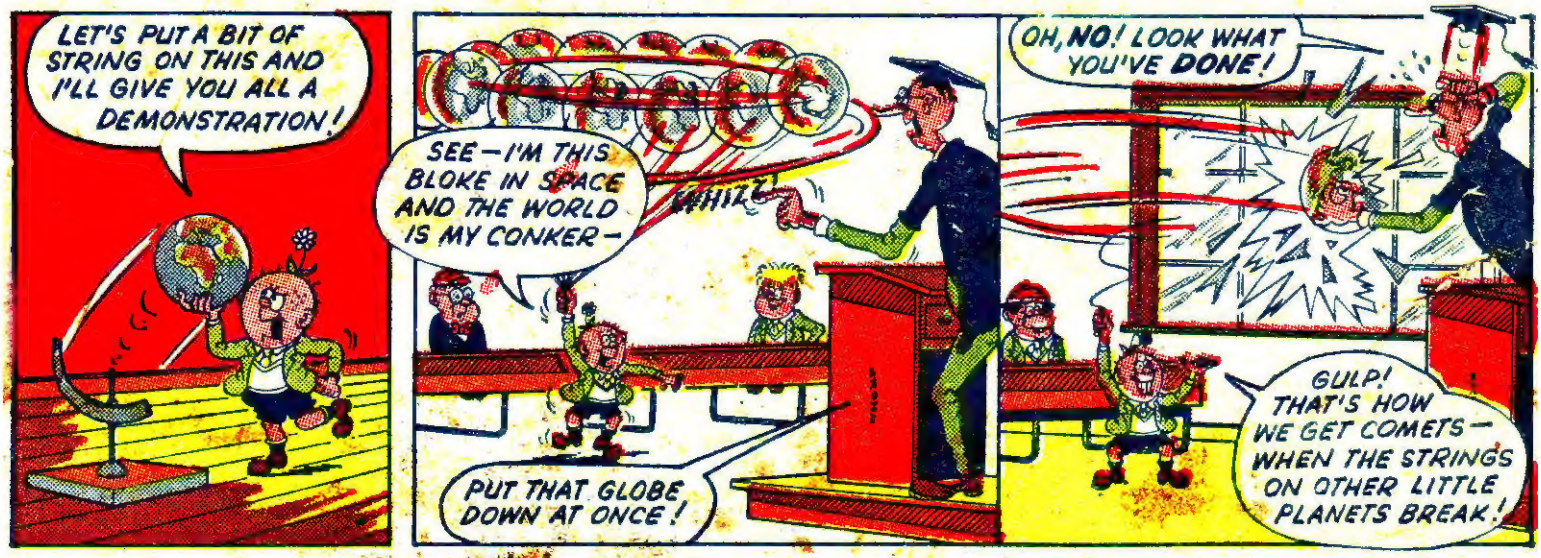
JUNE 15th 1968

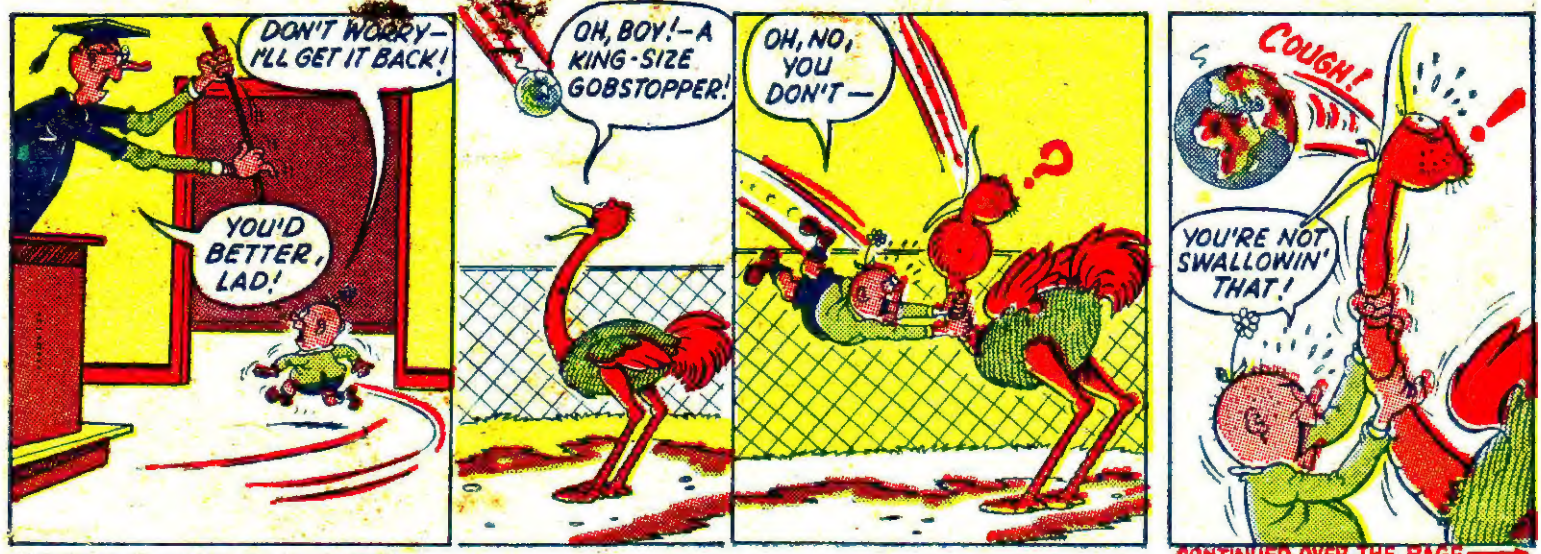
EVERY MONDAY 7d

AUSTRALIA 10c, EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d, SOUTH AFRICA 10c, RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

THE SWOTS AND BLOTS







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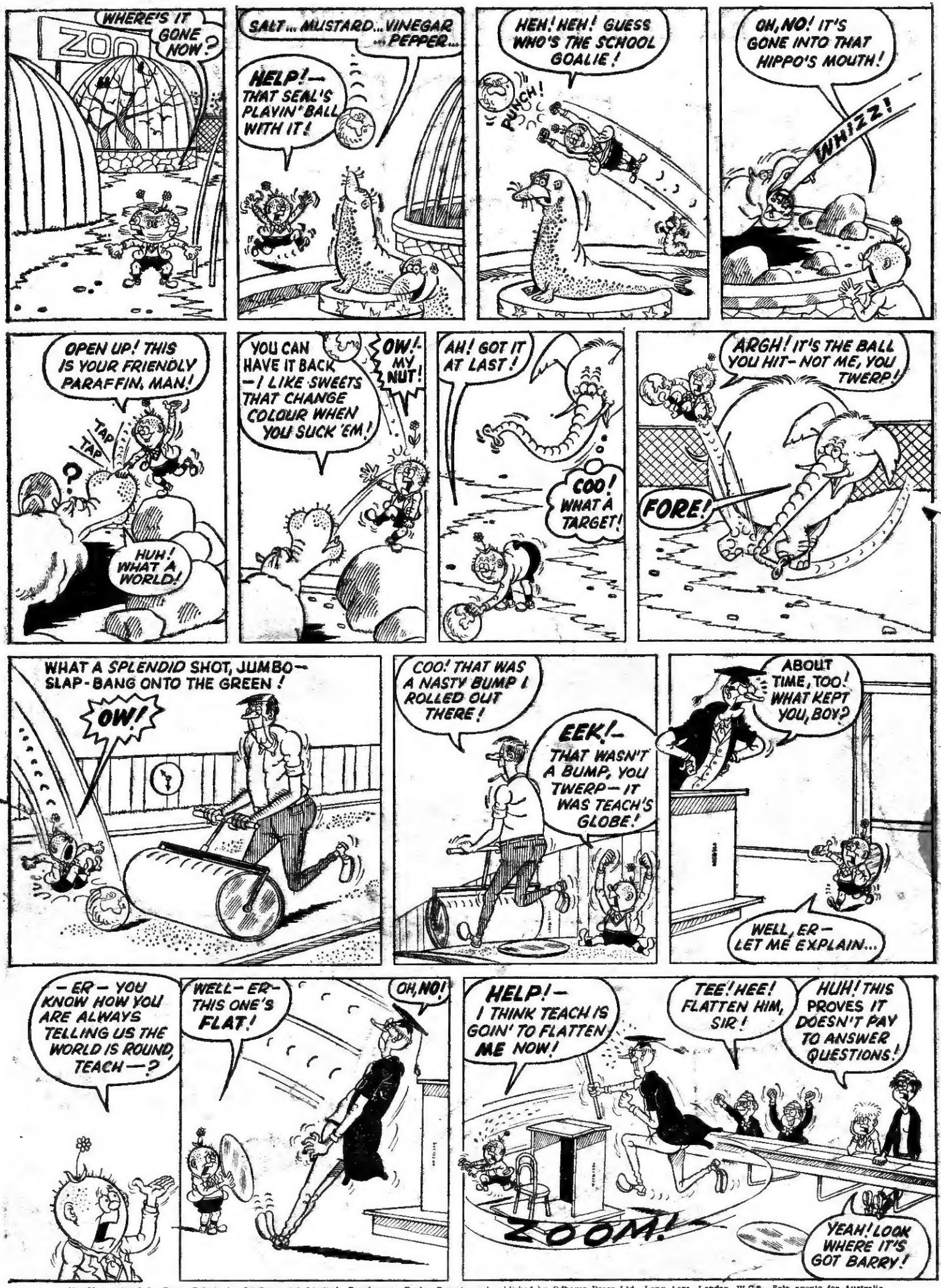

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BRIAN'S BRAIN

BRIAN KINGSLEY AND HIS FRIEND DUFFY ROLLS HAVE DISCOVERED THAT MR. LIPTON, THEIR NEW SCHOOL TEACHER, IS A FOREIGN AGENT. LIPTON AND HIS MEN IMPRISON THE TWO BOYS IN SCARSDALE ABBEY—BUT THEY ESCAPE AND FOLLOW THE MEN INTO A SECRET TUNNEL RUNNING UNDER THE ABBEY GROUNDS.

LIPTON SQUEEZES THROUGH THE SMALL APERTURE HIS MEN HAVE MADE AT THE FAR END OF THE TUNNEL.

THE PATIENT WEEKS OF WAITING ARE OVER. AT LAST I AM INSIDE THE EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCH AREA!

NO ONE CAN POSSIBLY SUSPECT MY PRESENCE HERE. IT WILL BE THE WORK OF ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO TAKE THE PHOTOGRAPHS I NEED. AND THEN, THE SECRETS OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT WILL BE SECRET NO LONGER!

LIPTON'S THREE COMPANIONS WAIT FOR HIM IN THE TUNNEL.

I HOPE LIPTON HURRIES. THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE SHIVERS.

I WONDER IF IT REALLY IS HAUNTED BY THE GHOST OF THAT OLD MONK.

DON'T BE FOOLISH! THE ONLY SPOOK ROUND HERE WAS WHEN LIPTON PRETENDED TO BE THE GHOSTLY MONK IN ORDER TO SCARE EVERYONE AWAY!

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE TUNNEL BRIAN AND DUFFY ARE SEARCHING FOR BRIAN'S WONDERFUL ARTIFICIAL BRAIN.

IT SEEMS HOPELESS. IT'S LIKE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK.

WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP, BRIAN! EVERY SECOND WE'RE DOWN HERE PUTS US IN GREATER DANGER. AND WE DON'T KNOW FOR SURE THAT THE BRAIN IS IN THE TUNNEL!

THE BOYS TURN TO RETRACE THEIR STEPS. THEN BRIAN SUDDENLY HALTS.

DUFFY! THE BRAIN *IS* DOWN HERE! I CAN SENSE IT TALKING TO ME!

WHAT IS IT SAYING?

IT—IT'S TELLING ME TO KEEP AWAY! TO GO BACK!

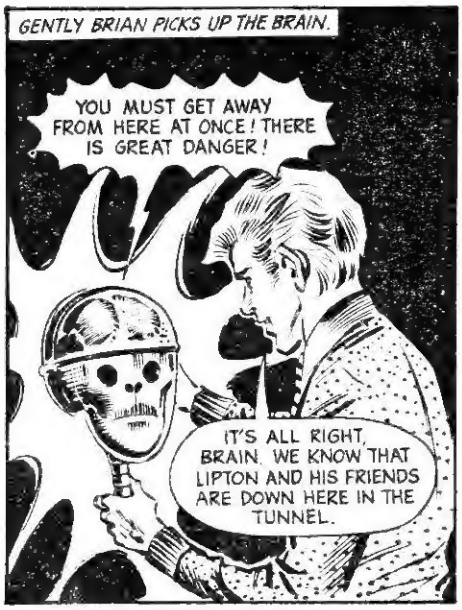
BUT I CAN'T! IF THE BRAIN IS DOWN HERE I'VE GOT TO FIND IT!

THEY PLUNGE DEEPER INTO THE TUNNEL AND THEN...

THERE IT IS, BRIAN!

THANK HEAVEN! I THOUGHT I'D LOST THE BRAIN FOR KEEPS!

BUT I WONDER WHY IT WAS TELLING ME TO KEEP AWAY?


GENTLY BRIAN PICKS UP THE BRAIN.
YOU MUST GET AWAY FROM HERE AT ONCE! THERE IS GREAT DANGER!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, BRAIN. WE KNOW THAT LIPTON AND HIS FRIENDS ARE DOWN HERE IN THE TUNNEL.

THERE IS FAR GREATER DANGER THAN LIPTON! LISTEN...
BRIAN! I CAN HEAR SOMEONE COMING!

LIPTON!
WE KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, MR. LIPTON. WE KNOW THAT YOU'RE A SPY!
IT'S THOSE TWO KIDS!

IT MATTERS NOT. I HAVE THE SECRETS I WAS SEEKING AND NOW YOU DIE!

BUT AS LIPTON'S FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER A LOUD CREAK COMES FROM THE TUNNEL WALL BEHIND THE BOYS.
WHAT WAS THAT?
THE WALL OF THE TUNNEL IS CRACKING OPEN!

WITHOUT FURTHER WARNING THE TUNNEL WALL SHATTERS AND A TORRENT OF WATER BURSTS THROUGH!
WHAT'S HAPPENING, BRAIN?
HELP!
THIS WAS THE DANGER I TRIED TO WARN YOU ABOUT!

I DELIBERATELY BROUGHT THIS ABOUT. I KNEW THAT THERE IS AN UNDERGROUND RIVER RUNNING CLOSE TO THIS TUNNEL. FOR A SHORT WHILE I WAS ABLE TO GAIN CONTROL OVER TWO OF LIPTON'S MEN AND I MADE THEM WEAKEN THE WALL OF THE TUNNEL.
IT WAS A GREAT PLAN, BRAIN— AS LONG AS WE GET OUT BEFORE WE DROWN!

BEHIND THE TWO BOYS, LIPTON AND HIS MEN ALSO FIGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH THE ANGRY, SWIRLING WATER!
DON'T PANIC! THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE ISN'T FAR AWAY. WE CAN REACH IT BEFORE THE TUNNEL IS ENTIRELY FLOODED.
AND THEN WE CAN CONCENTRATE UPON THOSE TWO KIDS!

THEN SUDDENLY THE FOUR MEN HALT... THEIR FACES CONTORTED WITH FEAR!
AAAGH!
N-N-NO!

STEADILY ADVANCING UPON THEM IS THE GHOSTLY MONK OF SCARSDALE ABBEY!
FACED BY THAT AWESOME SIGHT THE FOUR MEN ARE TRAPPED IN THE SWIRLING WATER!
IT'S THE GHOST!
THE GHOST OF SCARSDALE ABBEY!
AAGH! KEEP AWAY! KEEP AWAY!
BUT BRIAN AND DUFFY SEE NOTHING.
WHAT ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT?
GHOST? I CAN'T SEE ANY GHOST!
BRIAN AND DUFFY WALK RIGHT THROUGH THE GHOST THAT LIPTON AND HIS MEN CAN SEE!
HURRY, DUFFY! THERE'S NO GHOST HERE!
BUT TO LIPTON AND HIS COMPANIONS THE GHOST IS VERY REAL INDEED! SO REAL THAT THEY PREFER TO PERISH IN THE FLOOD WATER RATHER THAN FACE IT!
SOAKING WET BUT OTHERWISE UNHARMED, BRIAN AND DUFFY REACH THE END OF THE TUNNEL.
AND SO IS THE BRAIN! I MANAGED TO HOLD IT ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE WATER SO IT DID NOT GET WET.
WE'RE SAFE!
AND THE SECRETS ARE SAFE, TOO!
LIPTON AND HIS MEN COULD HAVE ESCAPED, TOO. BUT SOMETHING STOPPED THEM. SOMETHING THEY SAW!
COULD IT HAVE BEEN THE—THE GHOST?
BRAIN, YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO ALMOST EVERYTHING. ARE THERE SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS?
THERE ARE SOME THINGS WHICH IT IS BEST FOR THE HUMAN MIND NOT TO KNOW. ONLY LIPTON AND HIS COMPANIONS KNOW WHAT IT WAS THEY SAW DOWN IN THE TUNNEL... AND THE KNOWLEDGE HAS DIED WITH THEM!
DO NOT WORRY ABOUT THE HOUND YOU SAW IN THE GROUNDS...THAT WAS MERELY A DOG PAINTED WITH FLUORESCENT PAINT BY LIPTON TO SCARE OFF INTRUDERS.
SO WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT IT WAS THEY SAW!
WE ONLY KNOW THAT THEY SAW —SOMETHING!
THE CLOCK IS TURNED BACK—AND WAR PLUNGES BRIAN AND THE INCREDIBLE BRAIN INTO SENSE-SEARING DANGER NEXT ISH!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! ... in ...

"THE TRAP IS SPRUNG"

NOW THAT I'VE CAUGHT YOU, DAREDEVIL-- I WON'T MAKE THE FATAL MISTAKE OF GIVING YOU TIME TO FIND A MEANS OF ESCAPE!

PREPARE YOURSELF!! YOU'VE ONLY MINUTES TO LIVE!

THE BARS ARE UNBREAKABLE! I'M A SITTING DUCK IN HERE! BUT--I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING!!

MEMORY CORNER~

LAST ISH, WE SAW **MATT MURDOCK** FORCED BY THE OMNIVOROUS **OWL** TO SERVE AS DEFENCE ATTORNEY AT THE PREPOSTEROUS TRIAL OF THE OWL'S CAPTIVE, **EX-JUDGE LEWIS**— A TRIAL WHEREIN THE OWL AND HIS CUT-THROATS WERE JUDGE AND JURY! SWIFTLY, SECRETLY CHANGING INTO **DAREDEVIL**, MATT SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF **TRAPPED!** AND NOW, LITERATURE LOVER, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN—

YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU COULDN'T DEFEAT A FOE WHO CAN GLIDE LIKE HIS NAMESAKE ON THE SLIGHTEST CURRENT OF AIR!

CLICK!

NOW, ALL I NEED DO IS PRESS THIS BUTTON--A BUTTON WHICH ONLY THE OMNIPRESENT OWL CAN REACH!

IF THREATS COULD FINISH ME OFF, THE WORLD WOULD HAVE BEEN DAREDEVIL-LESS LONG AGO, LOUDMOUTH!

C'MON, OWL-- DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! FINISH 'IM OFF FAST!

SILENCE, YOU INCOMPETENT IMBECILES!! NONE CAN ADVISE THE OWL! I WANT TO SAVOUR MY MOMENT OF TRIUMPH!

SO! YOU CALL ME LOUDMOUTH? NOW SEE WHAT THIS LOUDMOUTH CAN DO--!

THIS IS IT! I FEEL THE CAGE BEGINNING TO SHAKE!

IT'S MOVING-- RIDING ALONG ON A CABLE!!

THAT SUDDEN SWIRLING RUSH OF AIR BELOW ME-- IT'S A DEEP PIT!!

EVEN WORSE!! FROM THE WAY NO SOUND ECHOES BACK, IT'S VIRTUALLY A BOTTOMLESS PIT!

I DON'T HAVE TO BE A GENIUS TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT --UNLESS I CAN DO THE IMPOSSIBLE IN THE NEXT FEW SECONDS!!

AND NOW, DAREDEVIL-- A FREE SPIRIT LIKE YOURS SHOULDN'T BE CAGED--

SO, I SHALL RELEASE YOU--

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR FALL--YOU WON'T REACH BOTTOM FOR QUITE A WHILE!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

I HEARD THE FLOOR OF THE CAGE BEGINNING TO SNAP FREE!
IT GAVE ME JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GRAB ONTO THE BARS!
SPRAK
AH! HOW TENACIOUSLY YOU CLING TO LIFE! I ADMIRE THAT QUALITY!

A PITY YOUR FEEBLE EFFORTS ARE FOREDOOMED TO DISMAL FAILURE!
IT'S NICE TO KNOW YOU'RE SO CONCERNED ABOUT ME, CHUBBINS!
I'LL TRY TO BEAR THAT IN MIND WHEN THE SHOE'S ON THE OTHER FOOT!

I MUST NOT FORGET THAT YOU ARE MY GUEST--
I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO GET BORED HANGING THERE!
AND SO--

I'LL JUST SEE TO IT THAT YOU CANNOT REMAIN ALOFT ANY LONGER!
KLIK

SSSSSSSSSSSS
THE BARS-- BEGINNING TO STEAM UP!! I'M REALLY IN FOR IT NOW!

GETTING HOTTER BY THE SECOND!
THE PAIN-- TOO INTENSE-- CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER--!
IF--THIS IS GONNA BE--MY FINISH--

AT LEAST-- I'LL GO OUT-- FIGHTING!!
A LAUDABLE AMBITION--
--ALTHOUGH IMPOSSIBLE, ALAS, TO CARRY OUT!

DON'T BET ON THAT, LIVER-LIPS!
MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT THE HEAT OF THE CAGE HASN'T YET REACHED THE OVERHEAD CABLE--!
THWIPPP!

BLAST YOU! I FORGOT ABOUT THAT ACCURSED BILLY CLUB OF YOURS!
SKR
NEXT TIME TIE A STRING AROUND YOUR PUDGY LITTLE FINGER!
BAN! ONE LUCKY MANOEUVRE ISN'T THE WHOLE BATTLE! I'LL GET YOU YET!
THAT'S FOR SURE! IF YOU EXPECT TO LOSE ME, FORGET IT!

SCATTER, YOU FOOLS! DAREDEVIL'S FREE-- BUT HE CAN'T FIGHT US ALL!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE! USE YOUR GUNS!
REMEMBER-- YOU CAN'T LOSE! THE OWL IS LEADING YOU!

THAT WAS AN INSPIRING PEP TALK, TUBBY!
AND NOW, PLAYMATES --TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!
HE'S ONLY ONE GUY!! WHAT'RE WE RUNNIN' FOR?

MAYBE YOU JUST LIKE THE EXERCISE!
IT'S MUCH BETTER THAN LEADING A SEDENTARY LIFE--DON'T YOU THINK?
BTOT
WON'T TALK, EH? VERY RUDE OF YOU!

STAY BACK, YOU COSTUMED CLOWN! I'M WARNING YOU--STAY BACK!
NOW DON'T THINK I'M NOT GRATEFUL FOR YOUR WARNING, NEIGHBOUR BUT--

A FELLA CAN'T RISE TO THE TOP OF THIS SUPER-HERO BUSINESS WITHOUT TAKING SOME CHANCES!
BAKKA BAK
SEE WHAT I MEAN, CHUCKLES?

I HEAR TWO OF HIS MEN--COMING UP BEHIND ME!
HAVE TO MOVE FAST!
IF MY LITTLE CORD IS TOO TIGHT AROUND YOUR LEG, I'LL YANK IT AWAY!
DON'T WANT MY NOST TO BE UNCOMFORTABLE!

LOOK WHAT HE'S DOIN' TO THE BOSS!
LET'S GET 'IM!!
QUICK--BEFORE HE TURNS AROUND!

DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD SNEAK UP ON ME, DID YOU??!
I'M SURPRISED AT YOU BOYS!
WHAT'S HE DOIN' NOW?
LOOK OUT!! HE'S SPINNIN' THE OWL RIGHT INTO US--!

AWW! I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D NOTICE!
WHUNGG!
HE AINT EVEN HUMAN!

BUT SUDDENLY, A DEEP OMINOUS RUMBLE IS HEARD FROM THE CEILING ABOVE--AND THEN--
KRATHAK
THE CEILING MUST HAVE BEEN CRUMBLING FOR CENTURIES--BUT NOW--THE CHUNKS ARE GETTING BIGGER!!
ALL THE COMMOTION--THE SHOOTING, AND JUMPING AROUND, ARE TO BLAME!
WHICH BRINGS UP ANOTHER INTERESTING POINT...

THE OWL AND HIS MEN AREN'T THE ONLY DANGERS ON THIS ISLE!
EACH PASSING SECOND MAKES THE CASTLE MORE OF A DEATH TRAP--BRINGS IT CLOSER TO COMPLETE COLLAPSE!
RIP
I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO ESCAPE WITH JUDGE LEWIS WHILE THERE STILL IS TIME!

HOLD IT, OWL! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANY-WHERE!!
AT LEAST, NOT WHILE I'M ABLE TO STOP YOU!
BUT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO MUCH LONGER!
I'VE ONE LAST HOPE! IF I CAN TRAP HIM INTO FOLLOWING ME TO THE FORBIDDEN CHAMBER!!
ONCE HE ENTERS IT, THERE'LL BE NO ESCAPE FROM WHAT AWAITS WITHIN!!

YOU DON'T HONESTLY THINK YOU CAN OUT-RUN DAREDEVIL, DO YOU?
THEY DON'T CALL ME TWINKLE-TOES FOR NOTHING!
I DON'T HAVE TO OUT-RUN YOU, YOU ARROGANT FOOL!

ALL I NEED DO IS MAINTAIN MY LEAD UNTIL WE REACH THE FORBIDDEN CHAMBER!
THE FORBIDDEN CHAMBER? WOW! HOW CORNY CAN YOU GET??!
LAUGH WHILE YOU MAY, DAREDEVIL! IT MAY WELL BE YOUR FINAL CHANCE!

I COULD HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH ALMOST ANYONE ELSE BY NOW...
BUT I FORGOT TO RECKON WITH THE OWL'S STRANGE POWER OF FLIGHT--WHENEVER I GET WITHIN GRABBING DISTANCE, HE GLIDES ON AHEAD OF ME!
THOUGH PERHAPS IT'S JUST AS WELL! I'M ANXIOUS TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THAT FORBIDDEN CHAMBER OF HIS!

I'M SURE THE JUDGE WON'T BE HARMED UNTIL THE OWL GIVES THE WORD! BUT, WE SEEM TO HAVE MORE URGENT WORRIES NOW--!
FROM THE SOUND OF THE ROCKS FALLING AROUND ME, THIS ENTIRE ISLE MAY BE BE GOING UP IN SMOKE BEFORE TOO LONG!
I SUSPECTED IT WAS A VOLCANIC ISLE WHEN WE LANDED--AND NOW I'M SURE OF IT!

THEN, AS IF TO PUNCTUATE THE WORDS OF THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR, THE SEETHING, RUMBLING VOLCANO WHICH DOMINATES THE ENTIRE ISLAND BEGINS TO GROW EVER HOTTER--EVER MORE MENACING--AS THE FIERY LAVA WITHIN HER CORE SURGES UPWARD, HURLING GIANT BOULDERS ASIDE WITH UNIMAGINABLE FORCE--!
KRAK
WHILE, THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW, IN THE OWL'S TUNNEL, WE FIND...

THE TREMORS ARE STEADILY INCREASING! IT COULD BE JUST A MATTER OF HOURS--OR EVEN MINUTES--BEFORE THE ISLAND IS TORN APART BY THE COMING UPHEAVAL!!
THE OWL CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD OF ME--!
ALL THE FALLING CHUNKS ARE SLOWING ME DOWN!! BUT, I MUSTN'T STOP NOW!

AT THAT SECOND, THE FLEEING ARCH-FIEND GLIDES TO THE CAVE FLOOR ONCE AGAIN, AND--
I'VE REACHED IT! MY FORBIDDEN CHAMBER!
KEEP
BUT, I MUST HURRY! DAREDEVIL IS ONLY SECONDS BEHIND!

SMASH -CHAT!

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,
My boy friend is 20 and I'm 18. We've got 13 "O" levels and 2 "A" levels between us, and we're SMASH fanatics! We think SMASH should only be sold to people over 16, 'cos we think that younger children could do themselves a nasty from laughing so much! We think that the Nervs and the Swots and Blots should be awarded the O.B.E.! We shall still be reading SMASH when we're 90, 'cos it's so great! SMASH forever! Tons of love,
Liz and Martin,
Ruislip, Middlesex.

Before we reply, just read the next letter!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I think Daredevil is smashing—just right for SMASH! I disagree with the SMASH reader who wrote that D.D. is too far-fetched for young readers. I am a younger reader and I love D.D.
Jimmy Harris,
Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire.

Now, hold it, hold it! — read the next letter too!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I get SMASH every week. Well, you might say my grandson does, and he passes it on to me every week. I enjoy reading it in my armchair every Monday before bed. By the way, in SMASH some time ago a reader said he is the oldest reader. I'm sure I am because I have a pension and I am 72 years old!
Mr. Jack Stack,
Isham, Northants.

What magic is ours, we wonder humbly, that gives us such a wide appeal to people of all ages! Ah, well . . . ours not to reason why, ours just to put SMASH out every week and reap the plaudits! Seriously, though, it's great to feel we've got readers from primary school to pension age—makes us feel as if we've got a family gathered round us! Aw, shucks! This is no time to get sentimental—let's move on to the next letter.
Alf and Cos.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Alf and Cos,
You ought to be ashamed of yourselves because in ish 117 you made a mistake—and on the front page too! Yes, in the Swots and Blots, as I recall, Cecil is trying to get strong and he is using what you called DUMB-BELLS! Well, Alf and Cos, I have news for you. They are called BAR-BELLS. DUMB-BELLS are the kind you hold one in each hand. So there!
John Smith,
Birmingham.

Ho-hum, back to normal! Some of our ever-lovin' family of readers do get a bit obstreperous! Anyway, we have to admit it—we dropped a CLANGER over the BELLS! (Ha! ha!). Hey!—why isn't anybody laughing?
Alf and Cos.

P.S.: Anyway, we didn't say it, that SWOT did—and HE should know better.

Dear Alf and Cos,
On behalf of schools in Australia, East Africa, South Africa, and all the other places where SMASH may go, I wish to say I have found a very big mistake in ish 112. In the Swots and Blots you have a girl Blot adding her sum up from left to right when everybody knows you add up from right to left. By the way, I think the man from B.U.N.G.L.E. must be put on the scrap heap and here is petition to support this, signed by: G. Bridges, T. Worthey, T. Field, A. Phillips, S. Worthey, P. Parrey, P. Jones, D. Smith, T. Parrey, C. Tims, J. Smith, and B. Galyed.
Signed, your most beloved friend,
George Bridges,
Swindon, Wilts.
P.S.: Pity me! If I win a pound I have to split it into 12—which makes 1s. 8d. each!

Pity you, huh? After that blisterin' attack 1s. 8d. is all you deserve! As for the little lady doing her sum, if you remember she was chipping it out on a stone slab—so obviously she had it worked out in her head first, and was just engraving it complete like! You don't believe she could have worked such a big sum out in her head? Neither do we really, but it's the best excuse we could think of!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I'm sick, sick, SICK! of reading letter after letter from readers complaining or pointing out mistakes in your thrilling, wonderful, marvellous, exciting, funny, hilarious comic SMASH! If they keep nagging away about every single detail that isn't quite right, why do they buy it? I'll tell you why. Although they don't admit it, they couldn't go without their weekly SMASH. They'd whine to know what tricks Penny had been up to; they'd bite their nails to the half-moons wondering how the man from B.U.G.L.E. was getting on; they'd worry themselves sick if they couldn't see how that brave, fantastic Daredevil was doing. The load of daft nincompoops! Don't you worry yourselves about them. It doesn't mean you're losing readers, just gaining naggers. A fan of SMASH forever,
Linda Barnwell,
Nottingham.

Linda, you're a doll! Now we feel all sort of—of warm, and glowing—and—wanted, somehow! (Oh, shut up, Bart!—not the sort of Wanted you get on posters!) No feeling, some people.
Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

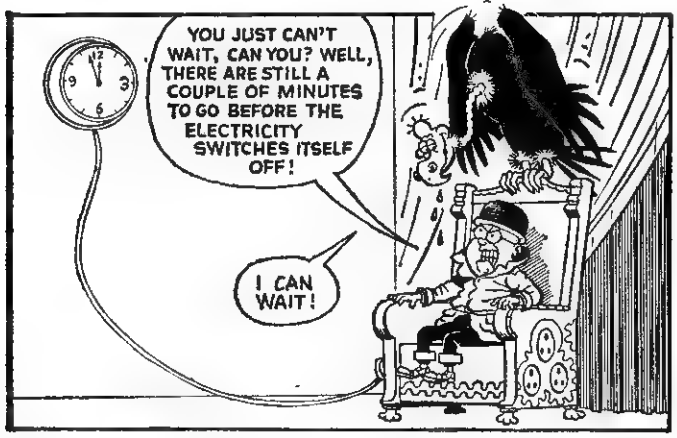
My favourite feature in Smash is .....

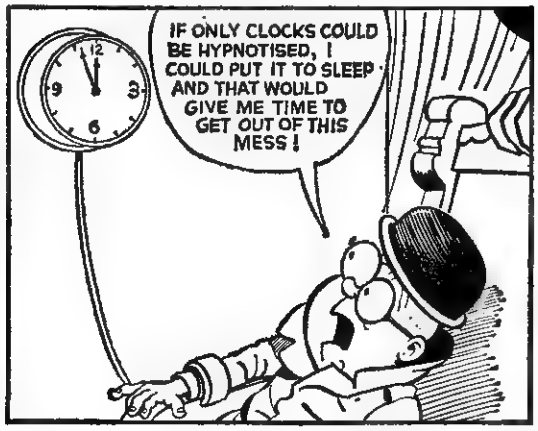
My second favourite feature in Smash is .....

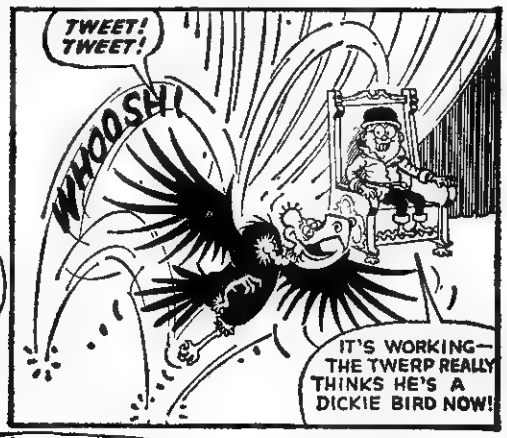
Send the coupon with your letter to: Alf and Cos, SMASH, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

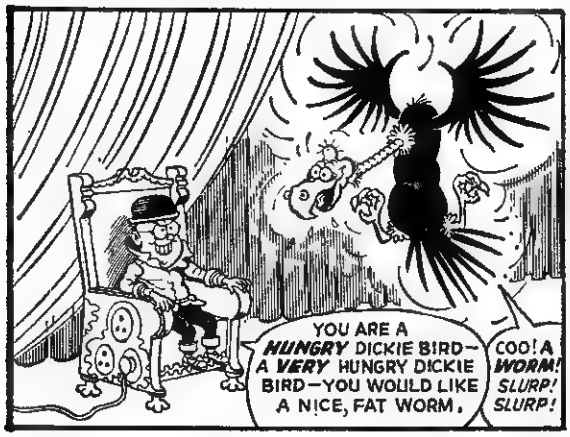
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

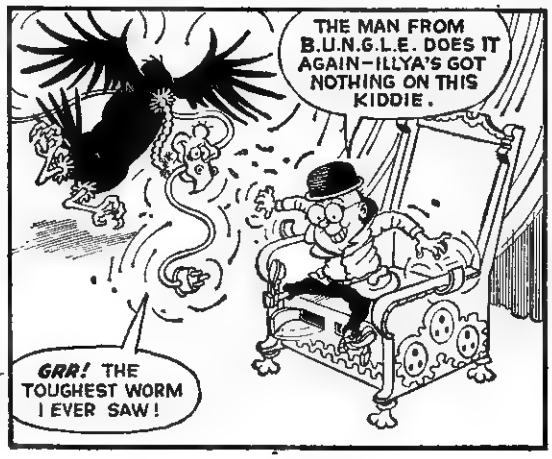
OUR HERO HAS STOPPED FOR A REST — IN SHEIK ALEGG'S ELECTRIC CHAIR. AND EVEN THIS POWER-PAPER CAN'T ORGANISE A POWER-CUT FOR HIM!

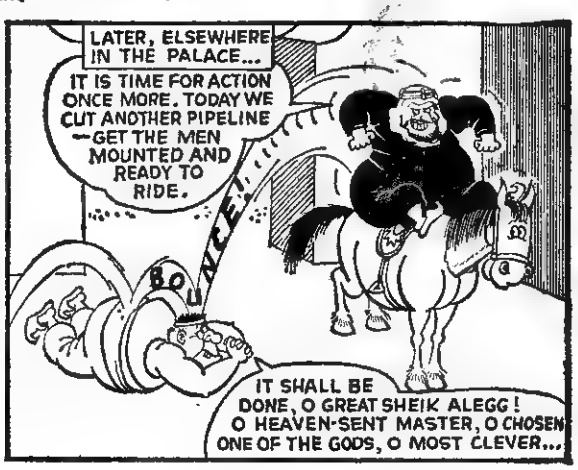


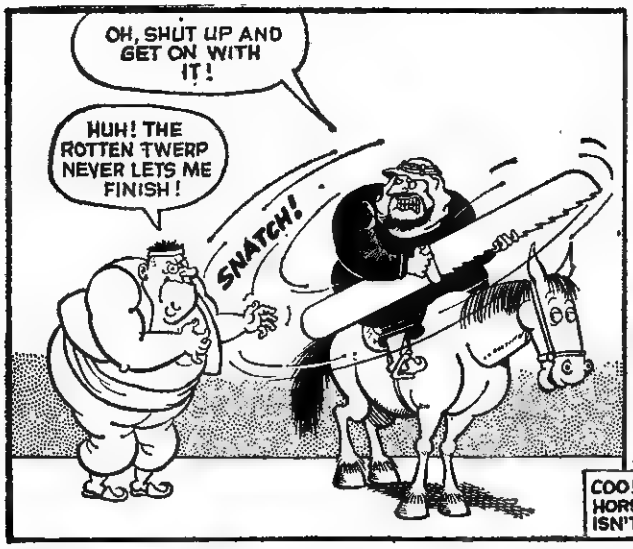











OH, SHUT UP AND GET ON WITH IT!
HUH! THE ROTTEN TWERP NEVER LETS ME FINISH!
SNATCH!

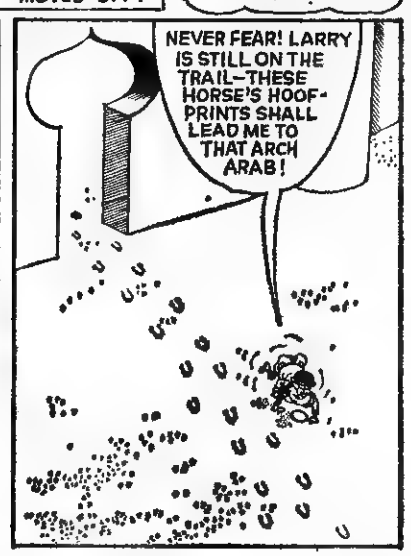
NOW THAT WE ARE ALONE I SHALL KIDNAP THE SHEIK AND TAKE HIM BACK TO BLIGHTY WHERE HE CAN'T GET UP TO MISCHIEF.
COO! LOOK WHO IS HIDING IN THE HORSE'S TAIL! WHO SAYS OLD LARRY ISN'T A GREAT UNDERCOVER AGENT!?

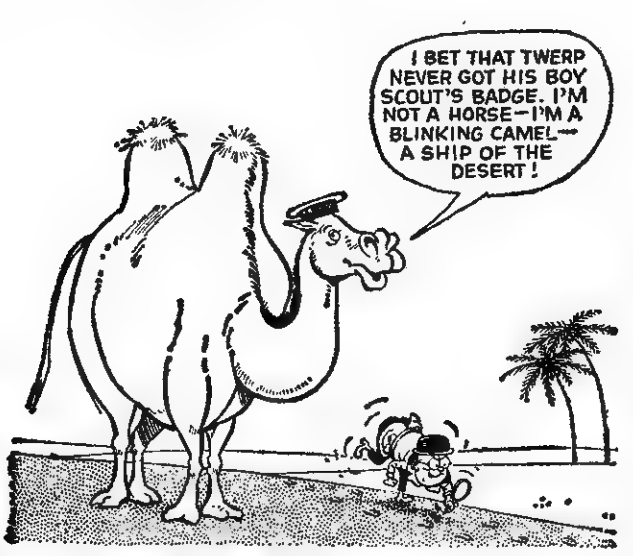
HEY! YOU TWERP! LOOK OUT—THE HORSE HAS MOVED OFF!
NOW LET ME THINK...SHALL I PUT THE BATTERSEA DEATH-LOCK ON HIM, OR THE HALF WELLINGTON?

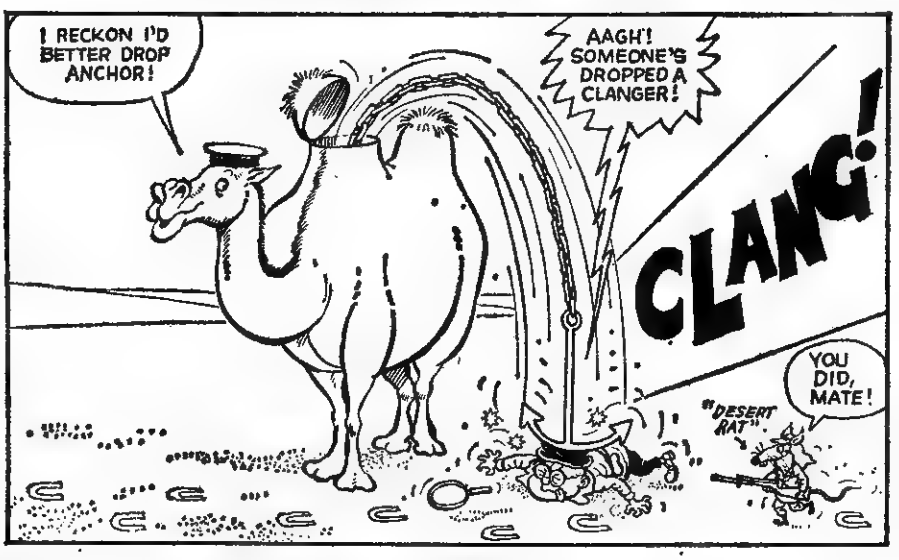
H'MM! PERHAPS I SHOULD USE GAS—NORTH SEA GAS INCREDIBLY CONCEALED IN THE POPPERS IN THIS LUMP OF SEAWEED.

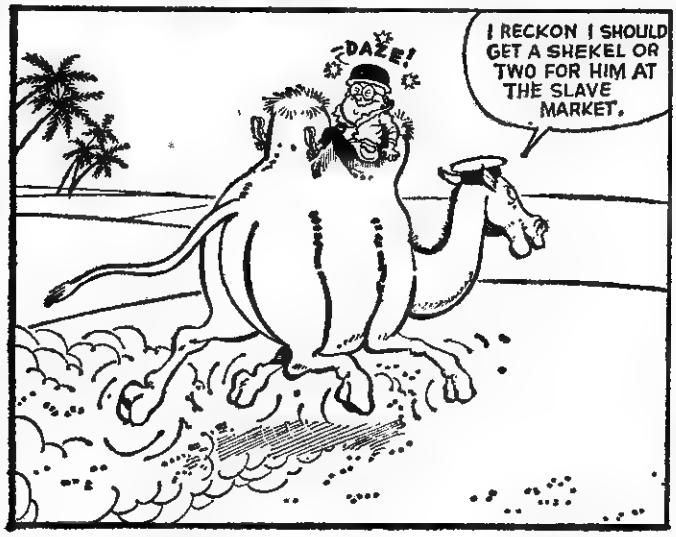
EEK! HE'S GONE! HE'S SCARPERED!

WHO'D BE A SPY? PERHAPS I'VE GOT B.O.—BUNGLE'S OFF???


NEVER FEAR! LARRY IS STILL ON THE TRAIL—THESE HORSE'S HOOF-PRINTS SHALL LEAD ME TO THAT ARCH ARAB!


I BET THAT TWERP NEVER GOT HIS BOY SCOUT'S BADGE. I'M NOT A HORSE—I'M A BLINKING CAMEL—A SHIP OF THE DESERT!


I RECKON I'D BETTER DROP ANCHOR!
AAGH! SOMEONE'S DROPPED A CLANGER!
CLANG!
YOU DID, MATE!
"DESERT RAT"


DAZE!
I RECKON I SHOULD GET A SHEKEL OR TWO FOR HIM AT THE SLAVE MARKET.

NO DEPOSIT
SUPER-SLAVE SUPERMARKET
EASY TERMS
WE GIVE STAMPS
I JUST HOPE MISTER Z CARR ISN'T LOOKING IN. I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO STOP SHEIK ALEGG NOW! I'LL BE SPENDING THE REST OF MY DAYS WASHING DISHES FOR SOME FAT MAMMA—THIS NEVER HAPPENS TO JAMES BOND!
PAY DESK
PERSONALLY, WE DON'T THINK ANYONE WOULD BE DAFT ENOUGH TO BID FOR LARRY. BUT YOU NEVER KNOW—JOIN THE BIDDING NEXT WEEK!!!!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1968

'UNIDENTIFIED SPACE OBJECT LANDS IN DUCHESS'S GARDEN'? WHAT UTTER POPPYCOCK!

BONK!

WHAT IN THUNDER...?

EXCUSE ME, COLONEL, I'VE COME TO GET MY BALL!

AIEE!

CRUNCH

GRRR! THIS IS ALWAYS HAPPENING—BUT I'M READY FOR THAT LITTLE MONSTER THIS TIME!

BOOM!

AAGH! YOU ROTTEN CHEAT! I'M UNARMED! HELP! HELP!

ZOOM

HEH! HEH! THAT'S SEEN HER OFF!

PHEW! IT LOOKS AS IF THE COLONEL'S DECLARED WAR AGAIN!

WAR IT IS! I'LL HAVE TO SPIKE THAT CANNON FIRST!

GRAB!

ERK!

COME ON, SPIKE, I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU!

ONE SPIKE COMING UP! SNIGGER!

BOING-G-G!

AAGH! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

I SAY!

PLOP!

YAHOO! I'VE DONE IT! I'VE SPIKED HIS CANNON!

HEH! HEH! THAT ROTTEN TWERP CAN'T FIRE HIS ROTTEN OLD CANNONBALLS AT ME NOW!

LEAP!

BUT I'M NOT FINISHED YET!

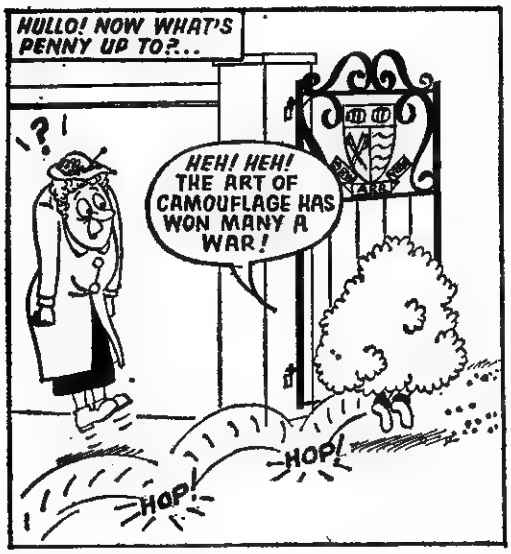
AAGH! HE'S CHEATING AGAIN!

ROLL!

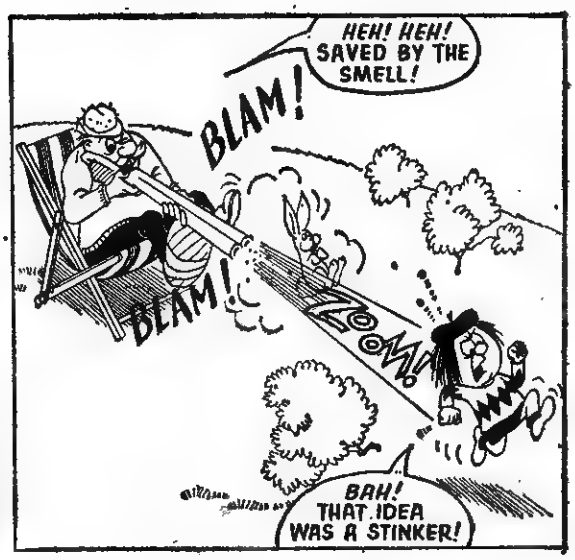
I DIDN'T FIGHT IN TWO WORLD WARS FOR NOTHING!

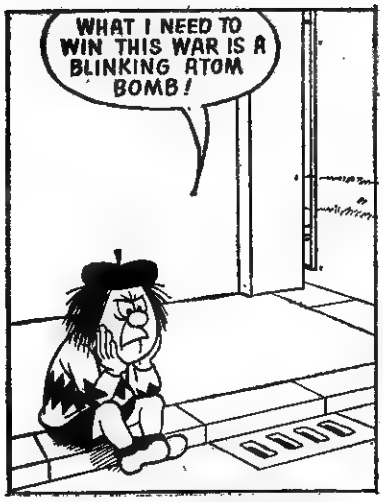
GRR! I'LL BE BACK—THIS WAR ISN'T OVER YET!

HELP! HELP! GET ME OUT!

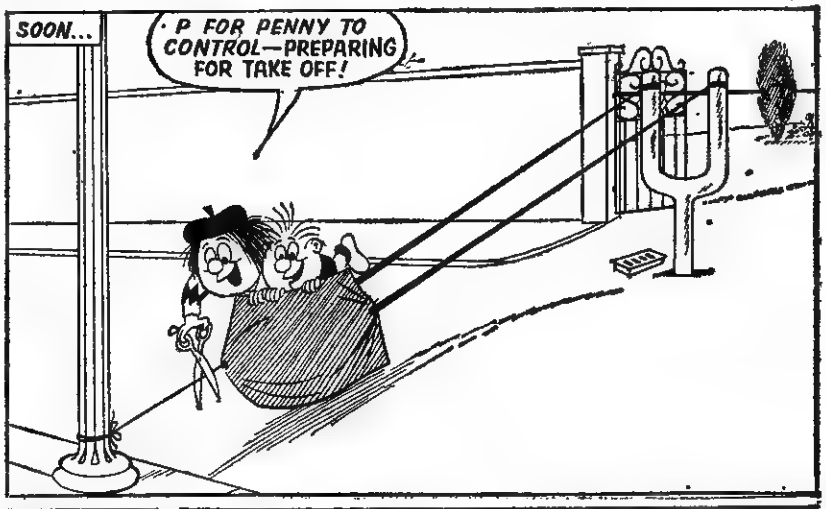

HULLO! NOW WHAT'S PENNY UP TO?..
?!
HEH! HEH! THE ART OF CAMOUFLAGE HAS WON MANY A WAR!
HOP!
HOP!

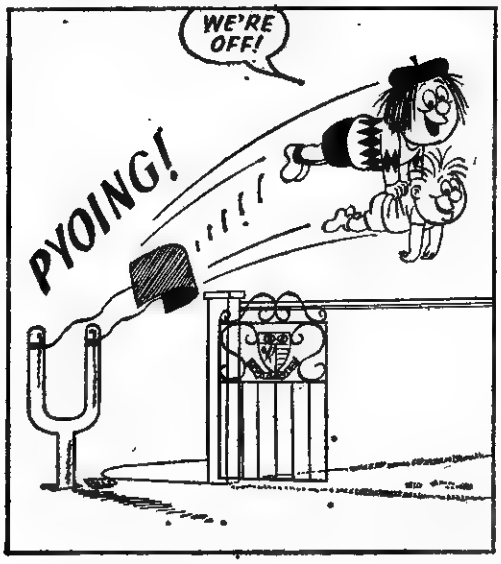
WHAT A JOLLY LITTLE CLOT SHE IS— SHE HAD ONIONS FOR DINNER—AND NO ONE CAN CAMOUFLAGE THAT SMELL!
PONG!

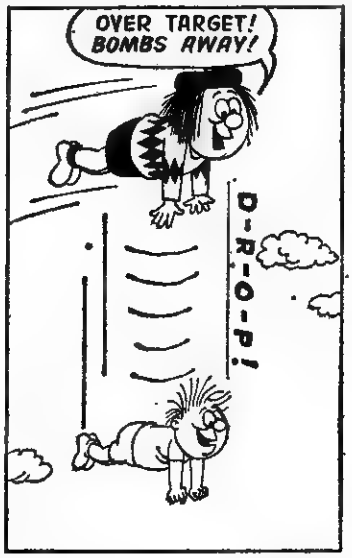

HEH! HEH! SAVED BY THE SMELL!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BAH! THAT IDEA WAS A STINKER!

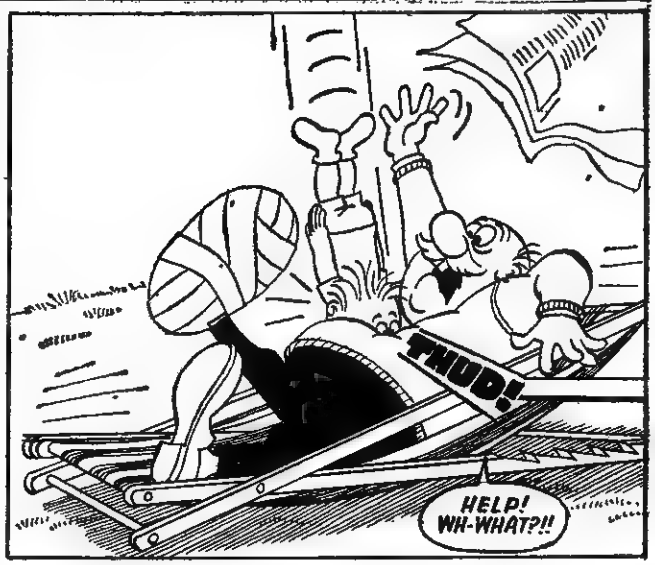

WHAT I NEED TO WIN THIS WAR IS A BLINKING ATOM BOMB!

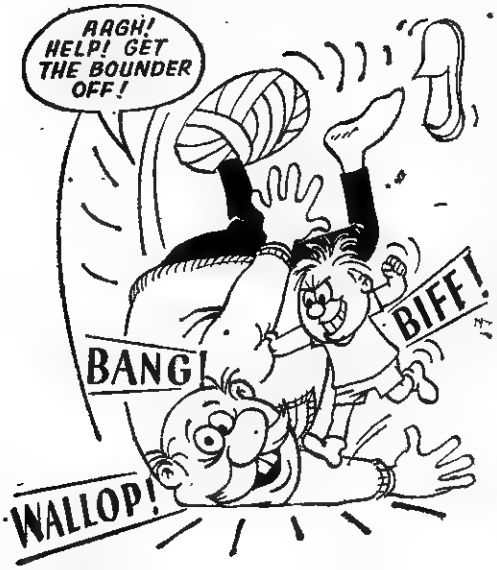
IDEA
YEOW! I'VE GOT IT!


SOON...
P FOR PENNY TO CONTROL—PREPARING FOR TAKE OFF!

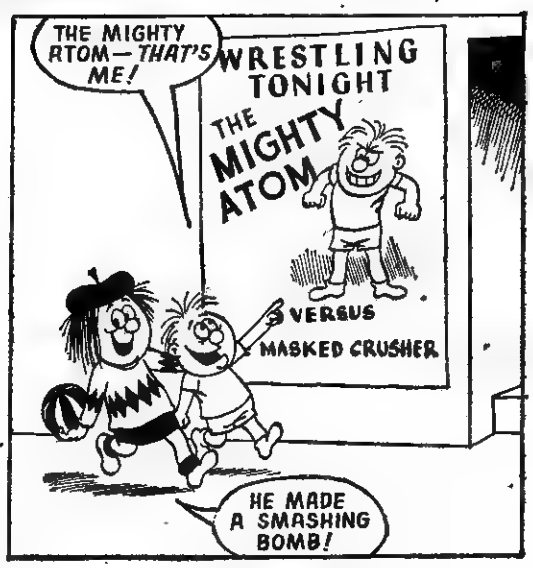

WE'RE OFF!
PYOING!


OVER TARGET! BOMBS AWAY!
D-R-O-P!


THUD!
HELP! WH-WHAT?!!


AAGH! HELP! GET THE BOUNDER OFF!
BANG!
BIFF!
WALLOP!

DAZE!
HOW WAS THAT FOR AN ATOM BOMB, EH?
UP AND AT 'EM—THAT'S MY MOTTO! SNIGGER!


THE MIGHTY ATOM—THAT'S ME!
WRESTLING TONIGHT
THE MIGHTY ATOM
VERSUS
MASKED CRUSHER
HE MADE A SMASHING BOMB!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

RUBBERMAN AND HIS PRIVATE-EYE PARTNER SAM HUTT ARE IN TEXAS...A MOUNTAIN DISAPPEARS...AND AN OLD-STYLE COWTOWN APPEARS...COMPLETE WITH OLD-STYLE TEXAN GUNFIGHTER!

MEET . . .

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

The yolk's on them . . .

. . I hope it's not, but that's the best heading I could think of for this egg trick that has ol' Knowall's personal guarantee of success every time!

Present an ordinary egg to anyone and challenge them to balance it on END in the palm of one hand. They must, of course, hold the hand out flat with the fingers outstretched . . . and they will find the trick is impossible.

But now everyone else has tried—IT IS YOUR TURN . . . First, hide it under your jacket and pretend to talk to it. Take it out and tell everyone that you have ordered the chick inside to stand on its head. But what you have actually done, is to secretly give the egg a good shaking. Now, hold it upright for a few seconds and you will balance it on your hand!

Challenge!

Put four pennies and four halfpennies in a row like this . . .

○○○○○○○○

Now, moving any TWO of the coins at a time, try to rearrange them in just FOUR moves so that you have a line of alternate pennies and halfpennies . . . that is: a penny, a halfpenny, a penny . . . and so on.
It's great fun trying—'specially when you know the answer is coming next week.

CHANGE ELM into OAK in seven moves by filling in each blank changing one letter at a time. I've done a couple to help you along.

1	ELM
2	ELL
3	
4	
5	
6	FIR
7	
8	
9	OAK

Answer corner

The letter 'R' comes in the middle of America and Australia and nowhere else.
The Riddle is: "Why is a waiter like a racehorse?"
Answer: "Because he's always running for plates and cups."
Charles I did not have an umbrella.
The tree changes like this . . . ELM: ELL: ALL: AIL: AIR: FIR: FAR: OAR: OAK.
The answer to last week's challenge is on the right.

START HERE AND DRAW CIRCLE LAST.

★

DO YOU KNOW?

WHAT will you find in the centre of Australia and America and in no other place?

There is a riddle in the picture on the left. If you can see it try to answer the riddle for some real no-prize laughs.

At an auction sale the other day, the following articles were put up for sale: Cromwell's Bible; Samuel Pepy's candlesticks; Ken Dodd's tickling stick; Charles I's umbrella and part of Nelson's telescope. Which of these—if any—was a fake?

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

TO: MR. KNOWALL,
64, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK? . . . . of the FANTASTIC SUMMER SPECIAL that is? We truly believe we've put out a genuine issue 'for the book', a collector's-item item, no less! But never forget, gentle readers, what WE think doesn't amount to the value of a single strand from a rejected piece of foot gear (and we ARE speaking of BIG BOLD BART'S socks!) No, its what YOU think that counts. And the only way we can get to know that . . . apart from you buying Power (and that we MUST keep going! . . . perleeeezzz!) is by YOU scribing in screeds of praise or otherwise to your's truly. So let us know how you liked the FANTASTIC SUMMER SPECIAL . . . and if you haven't yet got around to purchasing your specimen, then now is the time to go, go, GO! . . . straight to the nearest newsagent!!

SPEAKING OF HOLIDAYS. There are some Powerhousers who never truly take 'em! Like sneakin' a typewriter or drawing pad along with you on holiday . . . 'cause you have a feeling you're going to feel strange and lost and UNNATURAL just relaxing! Like CASANOVA COS going on holiday to a Butlin's Holiday camp in Pwlhelli, North Wales. Which is where he is this very week! Does COS 'get away from it all'? He does not. It just so HAPPENS that right there in the Pwlhelli Butlin's Holiday Camp they're holding the annual CARTOONIST CONVENTION . . . and Cos is a part of it! See what we mean? Some Powerhousers just NEVER truly go on holiday.

☆ ☆ ☆

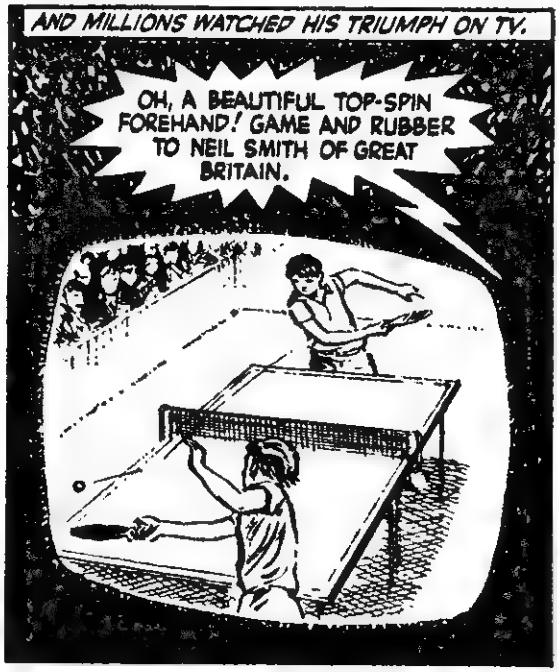
MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

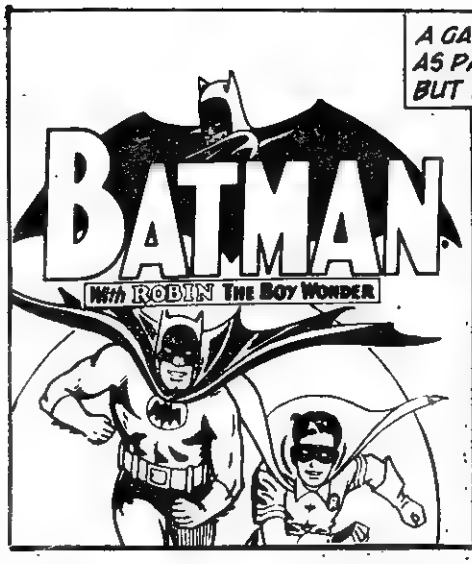
Tony Gorman, Hayes, Middx.; Peter J. Moulding, Kent; Carl Avilez, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Steven Parker, Rotherham, Yorks.; Michael Belton, Glasgow, Scotland; Lewis R. Peake, Hatfield, Hertfordshire; Steven Smith, Peterlee, Co. Durham; Steven Batchelor, Birkenhead, Cheshire; Gavin McPhee, Dundee, Scotland; Richard Warrall, Cwmcou, N.N. Emlyn; Michael Bridger, Cardiff, Glamorgan; Marcus Pye, Wellington, Shropshire; Peter Balshaw, Birkenhead, Cheshire; Stephen Malnick, Harrow, Middx.; Colin P. Gower, Orpington, Kent; Neil Hickson, Carms., S. Wales; K. G. Riglin, Stanmore, Middx.; Cyril Burman, Rhondda, Glamorgan; Craig Humphreys, N.S.W., Australia; Dennis Gill, Co. Durham.

☆ ☆ ☆

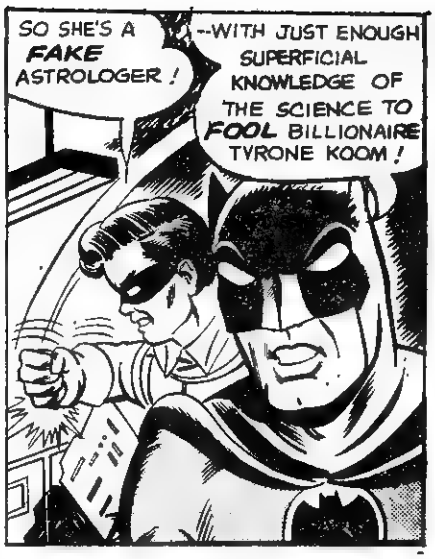
AND SPEAKING OF GOING AWAY! . . . Look, who's COME BACK this week! That old loveable Green Skin . . . that gigantus of comicdom . . . the Green Giant himself. . . . THE HULK!! Starting this week in Fantastic, with (for the first time told in Power) the tale of his origin! Did you ever wonder how Bruce Banner came to be The Hulk? How the Hulk came to be like he is? Wonder no more, tigers! It's all there in FANTASTIC, right now! Come back, too, has a favourite baddie THE SCORPION! In there swinging and stinging . . . against SPIDERMAN . . . in POW! And we know, because of our frantic ones' mail, that Scorp's return is going to bring a lot of joy to a lot of people . . . (but not to Spidey!)

Neil wins the chance of a lifetime





A GANGSTER'S SISTER IS POSING AS AN ASTROLOGER AS PART OF A PLAN TO DESTROY THE DYNAMIC DUO. BUT BATMAN IS GETTING SUSPICIOUS . . .



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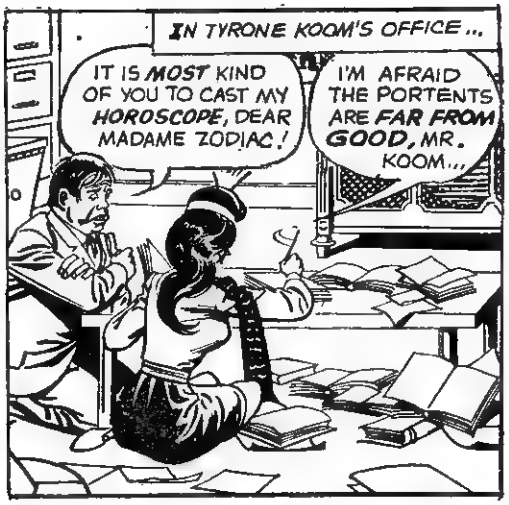

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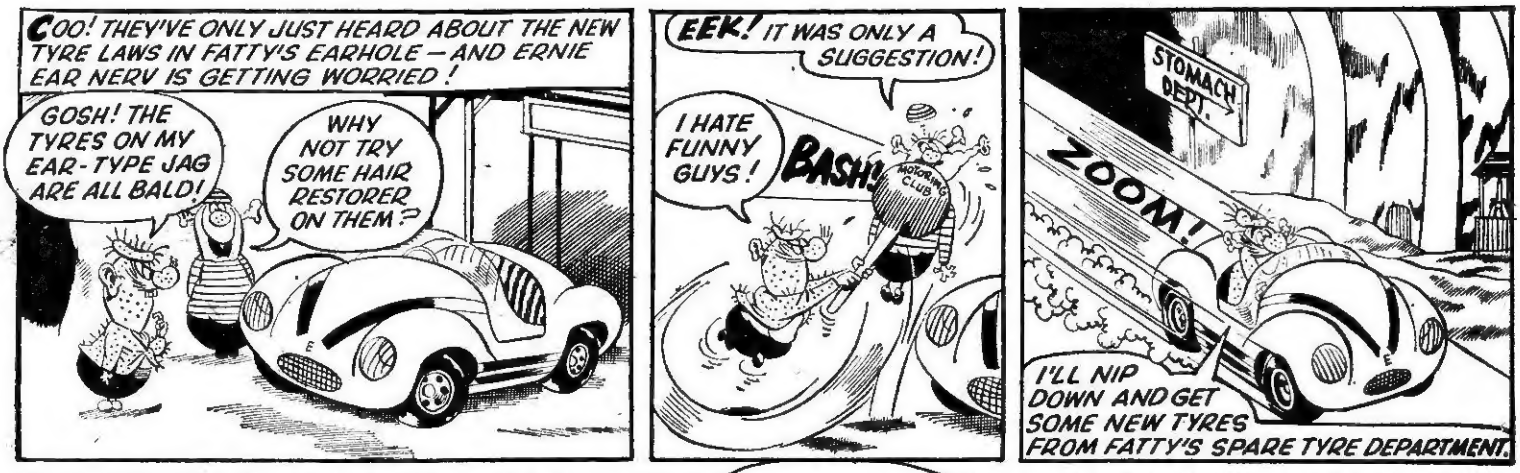
THE NERVS


COO! THEY'VE ONLY JUST HEARD ABOUT THE NEW TYRE LAWS IN FATTY'S EARHOLE — AND ERNIE EAR NERV IS GETTING WORRIED!
GOSH! THE TYRES ON MY EAR-TYPE JAG ARE ALL BALD!
WHY NOT TRY SOME HAIR RESTORER ON THEM?
EEK! IT WAS ONLY A SUGGESTION!
I HATE FUNNY GUYS!
BASH!
MOTORING CLUB
STOMACH DEPT.
ZOOM!
I'LL NIP DOWN AND GET SOME NEW TYRES FROM FATTY'S SPARE TYRE DEPARTMENT.
HOP IT! WE NEED EVERY SPARE TYRE FATTY'S GOT!
SPARE TYRE DEPT.
EEK!
SPLOSH!
GREEDY LOT! I BET IT'S BECAUSE I WOULDN'T GIVE 'EM ANY EAR WAX TO MAKE CANDLES FOR TERRY TUM NERV'S BIRTH-DAY CAKE!
HO! HO! — I'LL GIVE 'EM WAX! HOW ABOUT THIS LOT?
ERK!
ROLL!
HO! HO! HAVE A BALL, YOU TWERPS!
HELP! WE'LL BE CRUSHED!
ROLL!
EEK! — LOOK OUT, LADS!
IT'S NOT CRUSHING US — IT'S STICKING US UP!
HELP! I'M NO SNOB! — I DON'T WANT TO BE STUCK-UP!
ARGH! I'M NOT COOKING DOUGH-NUTS! — GO AWAY!
RUMBLE!
RUMBLE!
COOKING OIL
GRRR! IT'S KNOCKED OVER ALL MY LOVELY HOT OIL!
BASH!
YAHOO! GOOD OL' COOKY! THAT HOT OIL HAS MELTED THE WAX!
HEE-HEE! FREE!

WHOOSH!
HOP IT, TWERP! AND DON'T COME BACK!
BAH! WHAT LUCK! I DIDN'T EVEN GET ONE TYRE!
MENU
COO! — IS THAT SPAGHETTI ON THE MENU!?
ZOOM!
SCREECH!
I THINK I'LL CHANGE THE MENU A LITTLE! — SNIGGER!
ARGH! THE CEILING HAS CAVED IN!
— FIRST TO CLOBBER THE BRAIN CONTROL NERV...
WHOOSH
FATTY — THIS IS YOUR BRAIN SPEAKING... YOU DON'T WANT THAT OLD-FASHIONED SPAGHETTI FOR LUNCH — TRY SPAGHETTI HOOPS!
COO! I'VE JUST HAD A BRAINWAVE — I THINK I'LL TRY SPAGHETTI HOOPS FOR LUNCH!
YOU AND YOUR SPAGHETTI HOOPS! I HAD TO NIP DOWN TO THE SHOP AGAIN FOR THEM — I WISH YOU WOULDN'T KEEP CHANGING YOUR MIND!
IT'S NEARLY FATTY'S LUNCH-TIME! STAND BY FOR THE SPAGHETTI AN' STUFF TO START COMING DOWN! — SLURP!
QUICK! — LET'S GET UNDER THE FOOD TUBE AND CATCH IT! — SLOBBER!
HELP! THIS ISN'T SPAGHETTI — IT'S THAT NEW STUFF!
THE FAT TWERP IS PLAYING HOOP-LA WITH US!
AND IT'S NOT EVEN TIME TO RING IN THE NEW YEAR! BAH!
MIND IF I TAKE A FEW TYRES, CHAPS? — AS IF YOU COULD STOP ME! — SNIGGER!
ARGH! ERNIE EAR NERV! I BET THIS IS ALL HIS FAULT!
ZOOM!
AW — STOP YOUR MOANING —
BAH!
— YOU CAN USE THOSE HOOPS AS SPARE TYRES FOR FATTY!

PERCY'S PETS

EEK! HELP! WAA-AAH!
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW PET?

PERCY! GET THAT THING OUT OF HERE! YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME!
CARE FOR A GAME OF SNAP?
SNAP!

HUH! ROTTEN, OL' MUM! CLARENCE WOULDN'T HARM A FLY!
I KNOW— I DON'T LIKE FLIES!

SEE! HE DOESN'T WANT TO GO—HE LIKES IT HERE!
LEAVE IT TO US, PERCY!

DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'D DO WITHOUT US!

RIGHT, BACK TO THE ZOO WITH YOU!
SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR!
IN A WHILE, CROCODILE!

GOSH! GOING DOWNHILL WITH THIS OL' CROC IS LIKE TRYING TO HOLD BACK A TEN-TON TANK!
PULL!

SNAP!
WAA-AAH! THE STRING'S BROKEN! HE'S GONE OFF! COME BACK, YOU TWERP!
HELP! HELP!

I SAY—THEY'LL GIVE A ROAD LICENCE TO ANYTHING ON WHEELS THESE DAYS!

??
EEK! LOOK AT THAT! SAVE ME, HAROLD! SAVE ME!
ZOOM!

PUDDLEDITCH TO CLAPWORTH
OLD CROCKS' RACE
HMM! THE FIRST OF THEM SHOULD BE ARRIVING SOON, ALBERT!

OH, NO! THAT'S DONE IT—WHY COULDN'T I HAVE SETTLED FOR A KITTEN OR SOMETHING?
AAGH! THAT ISN'T THE KIND OF CROC WE MEANT! HELP!
CRASH!

WE CAN'T GIVE THAT CROC THE PRIZE—THE OLD CROCKS WE MEANT WERE VINTAGE CARS! SNIFF! SNIFF!
COO! HE'S AN OLD CROC, THOUGH—HE'S SEVENTY AT LEAST AND HE'S GOT FOUR WHEELS!

ER—I THINK HE'S TAKEN A FANCY TO THAT LARGE BOX OF CHOCOLATES, MR. JUDGE!
AIEE!
CHOCS

TAKE THEM! TAKE THEM! JUST GET THAT BRUTE OUT OF HERE!

COO! FANCY US WINNING THE OLD CROCKS' RACE!
ONE MORE CHOCOLATE AND IT'S BACK TO THE ZOO FOR YOU!